

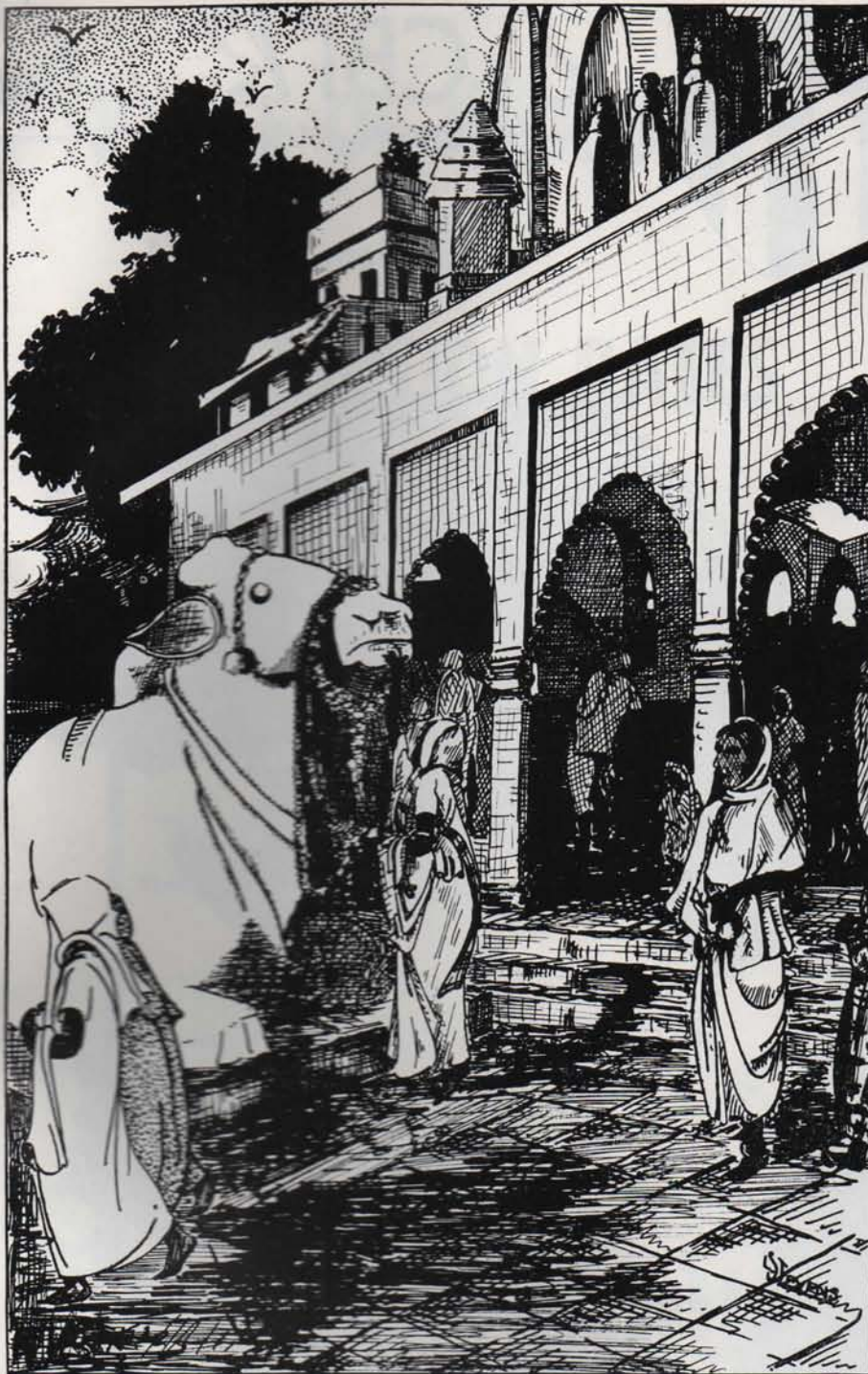


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

January, 1974





HOLY COW at Golden Temple in Benares is shown in this sketch by Lillian T. Stevens Little, made from a wartime picture. (Copyright 1952)

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **The lady** with tiny bound feet, carrying a parasol, came to look at the Americans . . . somewhere in Yunnan. She was accompanied by her eunuch and bodyguard, who respectfully stayed one step behind her. Garret Cope was there with his camera, and this week's cover picture is the result.

● **Wreckage** of a plane found this year in India turned out to be one lost 28 years ago, only a week before the end of World War II. Lost with it were five crew members. The Department of the Army has only recently released the complete story, which appears in this issue of Ex-CBI Roundup. Funeral rites have been held for the five men, with relatives from Texas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Michigan and other states attending.

● **More information** about the ill-fated B-24 mission would be appreciated, if Ex-CBI readers are able to furnish it. Any such information received will be passed on to the Department of the Army. We would like to hear from former members of the 425th Bomb Squadron, 308th Bomb Group (H), or from anyone stationed at either Luhsien or Rupsi who might have known the crew members or who may remember this particular mission. Drop us a line with any information you may have.

● **Having trouble** making ends meet on your current income? Take another look at India, and speculate on what it's like to live on \$2.50 a month. Not \$2.50 for food alone, but \$2.50 for everything. That's roughly what the poor earn in Calcutta, according to a U.S. foreign aid study. They feed themselves on two-thirds of that. The more fortunate earn \$13 a month and manage to budget only 41 per cent of it for food.

● **Sincere thanks** for the many Christmas cards!

JANUARY, 1974



1 1/4 Million Troops

● In reference to a letter from Rocco V. Perneti, Los Banos, Calif., regarding the July 1973 article on the Marauders made up by Dave Hurwitt and myself . . . the figure I quoted of men in the CBI was 1 1/2 million troops. That figure is taken from official Pentagon records. He seems to forget that by 1944 a great many men had been shipped there for the inevitable confrontation with the then enemy, the Japanese. In any event I'm not trying to start a hornet's nest controversy, but just trying to state facts.

TOM MARTINI,
Island Park, N.Y.



CHINESE children out to look at Americans, and to accept a few goodies. Photo by Harry Dyck.



BULLOCK CART causes minor traffic jam in Calcutta business district, in front of the store of Whiteaway Laidlaw & Co., Ltd. Photo by Leo Bialek.

Rachel Lindberg

● Rachel Lindberg, a member of the Chicago Basha, passed away on Nov. 1. She had gone into the hospital after attending the Milwaukee reunion, and was at home at the time of her death. She loved the CBI organization so much and we both had made many friends in it. In addition to that, she was very active in church work and had spent 30 years in Girl Scouting—four years as a Scout and 26 as an adult leader and counselor. We both had belonged to the Chicago Basha for three years.

CHARLES H. LINDBERG,
Sycamore, Ill.

Hattie Elma Harlow

● Hattie Elma Harlow, who served in the WAC in CBI from 1944 to 1946, died in April 1973 in an Enid, Okla., hospital. Before joining the government service she worked for several years for a railroad company; when she arrived back in Oklahoma she worked in the Veterans Hospital. Frances Johanningman of Ohio (now Portland, Ore.) and I were in the same company with Hattie. We left Port Oglethorpe, Ga., and zigzagged from Port of Los Angeles on the General A. E. Anderson around Australia to

Bombay, then flew to Calcutta, India, where we met Virginia Jackson of Oregon. We four have kept in touch through correspondence and visits. We had all served 11 months at CBI Headquarters in Rishra Howrah just out of Calcutta.

EDNA L. GOHEEN,
Portland, Ore.

Marauders Meet

● Had a marvelous time at the Marauders 27th reunion at Columbus, Ga. The Ranger department at Fort Benning, who acted as our hosts, sure went out of their way in arranging a fine demonstration program for us. And what a time our

gang had riding the 250-foot parachute drop, first up and then down . . . not exactly like coming down in a parachute, but quite thrilling nonetheless.

TOM MARTINI,
Island Park, N.Y.

Jake Rupert

● This is to inform you that Col. Jake Rupert, one of our newest CBIVA members, passed away early in June 1973. At the time I was in Detroit and later in Milwaukee. On my return to Ft. Myers I went to visit Colonel Rupert, only to be told by the apartment manager that he had passed away. He was buried in Arlington Cemetery, Washington, D.C.

WM. MARTIENSSEN,
Fort Myers, Fla.

1905th Engineers

● A reunion of members of the 1905th Aviation Engineers, who were in Burma building the Ledo Road in 1942-45, will be held Aug. 1, 2 and 3 in Ft. Myers, Fla. Tours and reunion activities are being planned. Further information can be obtained from Morris and Marie Hubbard, 1324 Shadow Lane, Ft. Myers, Fla. 33901.

(From a newsletter to members of the 1905th.)



CHINESE farmers are shown pumping water from one rice paddy level to another. Photo by Harry Dyck.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

3199 Signal

● Enjoy the magazine very much. Last year I wrote in and heard from two fellows. I hope somebody writes in from the old 3199 Signal Service Battalion. I have some pictures I took on the Burma Road; once in a while I look at them for old memories. Hope to hear from somebody.

ANTON H. RECEK,
P.O. Box 413,
LaGrange, Tex. 78945

Edward Stark

● My husband, Edward Stark, died Sept. 5, 1973. A CBI veteran, he was a master sergeant in the 931st Air Co.

EDNA STARK,
Pompano Beach, Fla.

Strength in CBI

● I refer to the article about Merrill's Marauders in the July issue and the letter from Rocco V. Perneti in the November issue (both months, 1973).

There certainly were not 1½ million Americans in CBI. Perneti's doubts that not more than 300,000 were there is a good estimate. I doubt that 250,000 men ever served in the CBI, and at the peak of strength, there were less than 200,000 at any one time.

I base this on the fact that the distribution of the CBI Roundup was one copy of the paper to every two people in the theater. While I was handling the circulation our press run never reached 100,000.

Sidney Rose of Milwaukee succeeded me in handling the circulation. The peak could have come while either he or I was handling the job. Maybe he can shed some light on it. But I'll bet the peak strength was never 200,000.

BOYD SINCLAIR,
Lockhart, Tex.

Thomas P. Walsh

● Thomas P. Walsh, 66, of Ottawa, Ill., died Nov. 14, 1973, following a long ill-

ness. He was vice president of Sierra Motors. Tom was attached to the China Supply Branch of the 67th General Depot in both Chabua and Panitola, India, in World War II. Survivors include his wife and two sons.

GEORGE RUSH,
Fair Lawn, N.J.

Golden Palace

● Thought I should let you know that my whole family enjoys the magazine. One of the highlights was the December 1972 issue featuring Bing Yen Chen on the cover and the article

about his "No Wing Now" restaurant in Myitkyina and his new restaurant, the Golden Palace, at 1830 Irving Street in San Francisco. My wife and daughter and I made a trip into the city last spring, just to visit the restaurant. It was very reminiscent of the old days in China. While I had never been to the "No Wing Now" in Burma, Chen was so congenial a host we left with the feeling that we had been friends for years.

S. E. BECK,
Rio Vista, Calif.



ON INSPECTION TOUR, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek steps out of a tent at the temporary camp for the Volunteer Student Army, just outside of Kutsing, China. Photo from Dwight M. Burkham.

CBI Dead Brought Home

Funeral services were held December 7 at Fort Myer, Va., for five men who lost their lives in CBI more than 28 years ago while flying from Luhsien, China, to Rupsi, Assam, India.

The men, members of the 425th Bombardment Squadron, 308th Bombardment Group (H), were reported missing on August 8, 1945, only a week before the Japanese surrender that ended World War II. Although they were later declared dead, neither they nor their B-24 plane were found by the teams of searchers from the American Graves Registration Service that scoured the rugged India-Burma zone after the war.

A few months ago, however, wreckage of the plane, Serial No. 44-41293, was found in dense jungle high in the Himalayan Mountains in the Manipur South District of India. An Army identification laboratory in Japan later identified the skeletal remains of the crew.

Following is the complete report released November 20 by the U.S. Army Memorial Affairs Agency in Washington:

* * *

On 7 August 1945, the crew of B-24 Aircraft Serial Number 44-41293 was assigned the mission of transporting gasoline over "The Hump" between China and India. Records submitted by the 425th Bombardment Squadron, 308th Bombardment Group (H), show the crew manifested aboard was: Flight Officer Richard H. Franken, T-64772, pilot; First Lieutenant James W. Cantrell, 0833485, co-pilot; Flight Officer Francis P. Yuskaitis, T-136492, navigator; Sergeant William J. Cannady, 36978303, engineer; and Staff Sergeant Harvey E. Brockmiller, 37584913, radio operator.

Records further show that the aircraft departed Luhsien, China, at 0926Z 7 August 1945 on a gasoline haul mission over "The Hump" to Rupsi, Assam, India. Last radio contact was over Fort Hertz (Putao), Burma, at 1202Z 7 August 1945, while flying at an altitude of 17,000 feet, about 450 miles northeast of its destination. The

circumstances surrounding its disappearance are unknown.

Luhsien, China, is approximately 85 miles southwest of Chungking, China. Rupsi, India, is located near the Brahmaputra River in Assam Province about 40 miles southeast of Cooch Behar. Fort Hertz (Putao), Burma, is about 136 miles north of Myitkyina, Burma.

The five crew members aboard the aircraft were reported missing on 7 August 1945 and later presumed dead as of 8 August 1946 under the provisions of the Missing Persons Act.

Following the cessation of hostilities, search and recovery teams from the American Graves Registration Service, India-Burma Zone, investigated known crash sites to recover remains of American servicemen. The recovery program included gathering information from villagers, tribesmen, and other civilians regarding any downed United States aircraft and/or American personnel in the theater. Despite their efforts, no information was received as to whereabouts of Aircraft B-24, Serial Number 44-41293, or its crew.

In recent months the wreckage of a four engine aircraft with U.S. markings number 441293 on one side of a propeller was discovered in a dense jungle high in the mountains between Keilam Range and Singjang Range, Manipur South District, India. The site was reported to be in a remote area approximately 50 to 75 miles southwest of Imphal, Manipur, India. The discovery was reported to United States representatives in New Delhi who subsequently informed the Defense Department in Washington.

A search of historical records was initiated and instructions passed to U.S. authorities in India to recover any human remains found and to report any additional information. Indian authorities turned over to U.S. representatives fragmentary skeletal portions of remains and identification tags for: Cannady, William J., 36978303; Brockmiller, Harvey E., 37584913;

Yuskaitis, F. P., T-136492; and Cantrell, James W., 0-833485.

The skeletal portions were delivered to the United States Army Identification Laboratory, at Tachikawa Air Base, Japan, for anthropological examination and further processing for identification. Service records for each crew member were obtained from record repositories and pertinent physical characteristics, dental and medical data extracted and forwarded to the identification laboratory in Japan for use in identification processing.

The skeletal bones were examined by a physical anthropologist and identification specialists at the laboratory in Japan. Their examination confirmed that the portions recovered are definitely from the crew of the B-24, Aircraft Number 44-41293, but they were unable to effect individual identification and segregation due to the extreme paucity of remains uncovered. The condition of the bones no doubt was caused by the impact of the crash, and the effects of the elements over 27 years. Laboratory officials recommended to Headquarters Department of the Army, that the remains be considered the only recoverable remains of the crew of the B-24 and that they be designated for a group burial.

A Board of Review, U.S. Army Memorial Affairs Agency, Washington, D.C., considered all facts pertaining to the recovery and identification and agreed with the recommendation that burial as a group is necessary.

The Department of the Army has, therefore, approved the group burial designation. This is based on the fact that there is no way to determine what portion of remains belong to a specific deceased crew member, therefore, to be equitable to each family it is considered appropriate to inter the remains in a national cemetery in accordance with provisions of Public Law 85-716, 85th Congress, approved 21 August 1958. The recoverable remains will be placed in one casket for burial in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Virginia, where religious services will be conducted and military honors rendered at the interment rites. To further honor their memory, a monument especially designed with the name of each crew member inscribed thereon will be erected at the grave.

Funeral services are scheduled at 1045 hours—Friday, 7 December 1973 from Fort Myer Chapel (Old); Fort Myer, Virginia for interment in nearby Arlington National Cemetery.

Wife Told Flier Died 28 Years Ago

By **BILL MICHELMORE**
Detroit Free Press

The wife of a missing World War II flier whose bones were found recently in a remote section of India has been traced to Grand Rapids.

Now remarried, Mrs. Hazel Haviland learned Tuesday for the first time in 28 years that her first husband is officially dead.

"It totally blew my mind," the 51-year-old nurse said after the shock of an early morning telephone call from the Army.

"Bill was such a lucky person, it was hard for me to believe he wasn't alive somewhere."

She said her main feeling after 28 years of "wondering if he was alive or dead" was one of relief.

"Although I'm not even sure I be-

lieve it yet. In all these years I have always thought it possible for him to show up at the door again."

The remains of Sgt. William J. Cannady will rest in a mass grave at Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia.

His bones will be buried there in early December along with the bones of the other four crew members of the ill-fated American B24 that crashed in the Himalaya mountains in northern India a week before the end of the war.

The wreckage of the plane was found only recently. The skeletal remains of the crewmen were flown to an Army laboratory in Japan and were identified.

The Army located the families of four of the crew but could not trace Cannady's family. All they knew was

that Cannady went to war from Wayne, Michigan, leaving a wife, Hazel, and two sons, Larry and William. Cannady was an orphan and both his foster parents are dead.

After a week of getting nowhere, Mrs. Patricia Ford of the University of Detroit's Army ROTC unit told the Free Press about the search for Cannady's next of kin.

A Cannady friend who read the story contacted the ROTC unit and gave the wife's latest address.

The flier's widow now lives in the Grand Rapids suburb of Jenison with her second husband, Donald F. Haviland, a maintenance man in the Grandville school system.

Mrs. Haviland had not seen the Free Press story and the telephone call she received from ROTC executive officer Maj. Raymond Spigarelli was the first she knew of Cannady's fate.

Mrs. Haviland said the uncertainty of her husband's fate over the years heightened in the early 1950s when his Social Security account began receiving mysterious payments.

That happened, she learned later,

because a man also named William J. Cannady got a job at the same Ford plant in Detroit where her husband had worked before he went to war. The other Cannady was mistakenly assigned the missing Cannady's Social Security number.

"That sort of thing can wear on your nerves," Mrs. Haviland said.

After her husband was listed as missing in action in 1945, and then a year later was presumed dead by the Army, Mrs. Cannady and her two infant sons lived with friends in Wayne and Cadillac before she remarried and settled in Grand Rapids.

Larry James Cannady, 30, of Grandville, was two years old when his father went in service.

Described by his mother as a "carbon copy" of the dead flier, he keeps a photograph on his mantel of his father in uniform.

The flier's other son, William, 31, lives in California.

Both sons and their mother are expected to be at Arlington when the sergeant from Wayne is buried 28 years after his death. □

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BOOK REVIEWS



I AM HEAVEN. By Jinsie Chun. Macrae Smith Company. September 1973. \$7.95.

Skillful in the arts of love and politics—and equally ruthless in both—was Chao, most forceful empress in China's history. A woman of ambition, rapacity and daring, she manipulated the lives of lovers and enemies alike. Set during the Tang Dynasty, this account drawn from original Chinese sources gives an intimate look at the royal world of China's golden age.

BUILDING A NEW JAPAN: A Plan for Remodeling the Japanese Archipelago. By Kakuei Tanaka. The Simul Press. October 1973. \$12.95.

If you think Japan is a miracle now, read this book by the Prime Minister of Japan. It presents his sweeping vision of a future for Japan free of pollution, over-crowding and deteriorated cities. The New York Times calls it "a sweeping essay urging an economic and social revolution like . . . Roosevelt's New Deal."

SADHU ON THE MOUNTAIN PEAK. By Duncan MacNeil. St. Martin's Press. October 1973. \$6.95.

This is another "Ogilvie" story. Hordes of fierce tribesmen, under a wily prince, are massed along the Northwest Frontier, poised to deliver a smashing blow to the British Raj. They await only the sign for attack, which will come from a sadhu or Moslem holy man, who will receive it from the Prophet. Young Captain Ogilvie of the 114th Highlanders is sent among the tribesmen on a spying mission, whose success or failure may determine the fate of Britain in India.

CHINESE MEDICINAL HERBS. By Li Shih-chen. Georgetown Press, San Francisco. September 1973. \$4.00.

Originally compiled in 1578, this treatise by Li Shih-chen has been translated, researched and updated by American physicians in China, and is now published for the first time in

the United States. It tells the story of organic medicine in China.

A CHINESE VIEW OF CHINA. By John Gittings. Pantheon Books. October 1973. \$6.95; paperback \$1.95.

The British author and China specialist lets various Chinese writers from Confucius to Mao present their contemporary views of imperial, modern and revolutionary China. He then adds his own comments dealing with important historical facts and figures for each of the three periods.

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The Fall of Burma

With service in the CBI area starting in August 1941, Major John E. Ausland represented the U.S. Army in working with the Chinese to expedite construction of a railroad to Burma. A number of his articles, some under the name of "The Old Gray Major," have appeared in Ex-CBI Roundup. This feature, taken from his diary, deals with the fall of Burma and his return to the United States. "This is the end of my China story," Major Ausland writes, "there will be no more CBI stuff from me." We hope he changes his mind, or recalls more interesting tales that need to be told.

By MAJOR JOHN E. AUSLAND

Tuesday, April 21, 1942

Winston Churchill writes that there was plenty of heavy artillery at Singapore but all of it pointed out to sea. None of it could be swiveled around to defend from an invasion by way of the Malay Peninsula. But even without this, he wrote, the Japanese should not have been able to take Singapore, as they were much outnumbered by the 100,000 allied troops there: 33,000 British, 17,000 Australians, and 50,000 native soldiers.

In Libya General Montgomery needed all his tanks to use against Rommel, but he had been ordered to send 120 of them to Singapore. The tank crews got to Singapore and surrendered along with the others. But General Percival had probably decided not to put up a defense, so he had the 120 tanks diverted to Rangoon.

Churchill didn't want the 17,000 Australians sent to Singapore, but to Rangoon. He thinks they could have held Rangoon, but he was talked out of it by the British general staff.

On January 4, while Rangoon was being bombed regularly, I had dinner down there with Mr. Stewart of the Defense Department. I mentioned the Generalissimo's offer of a million men to defend Burma, to which Mr. Stewart replied, "We don't want a Chinese Expeditionary Force here. We would rather it be American."

I'd hazard a guess that if the 17,000 Australians had been at Rangoon, they

could have held it, and an American Force sent to help, the war in the Far East would have gone much differently.

But the 120 tanks. They had no trained crews, so when the British army evacuated Rangoon they took them along as far as the Chindwin River, but were too heavy to ferry across, so they were burned there. And while the British didn't think they could use armor in Burma, the enemy captured Burma in a few weeks with a mechanized column.

Wednesday, April 22, 1942

With all the cockeyed decisions about Singapore it doesn't look too good for saving Burma. Stilwell is in south Burma with the Chinese army there; what there is of it, but he didn't arrive in Burma until March 4, and by that time Rangoon was gone.

Last night Dr. Tseng said, "General Lo, the commander of the Chinese armies in Burma is an old friend of mine. He and General Stilwell are down south of Mandalay. They are fighting a losing fight. They are fighting very hard. If we cannot help them let us at least go down and encourage them and wish them luck."

So we left Lashio this morning, driving to Maymyo by noon, where we ate our lunch out of cans, all restaurants and hotels south of Lashio being closed. But we called on General Goddard at British headquarters, and on General Hearn at American headquarters, then drove south through Mandalay, which was burned to the ground, at least it was as far on each side of the road as we could see.

We found General Lo at his Kyaukse headquarters and had dinner with him and his staff. He and Dr. Tseng had a lot of discussion, of which I understood not a word. Then his interpreter asked me if there was anything I wanted to say to the general. I said, "Yes. Retake Rangoon."

Then we drove to American headquarters and talked to Stilwell, Dorn, Merrill, and others. We encouraged them and wished them luck and then headed back for Lashio. But at Man-

delay we were stopped by a Chinese soldier who we thought was an MP, but was just on a hijacking foray. He wanted our car. Both the chauffeur and I drew our guns, but Dr. Tseng finally convinced him he would have no luck getting our car. This was my only confrontation with the Chinese army.

Thursday April 23, 1942

Chinese soldiers wear grass sandals that they make for themselves; the non-coms wear sneakers, and the officers wear high boots; all, except General Lo. He wears ankle height shoes with elastic on both sides, something we call Romeos, or Congress gaiters. And on these he wears spurs, and not a horse in 100 miles.

Arriving at Maymyo we located Chinese headquarters and slept there, as well as having breakfast this morning with several Chinese generals, omelet, sardines, and other foods I don't normally eat. On the front lawn a small group of statues, each about two feet high. You'd never guess. Snow White, the prince, the princess, a fawn and seven dwarfs.

On the road to Lashio there wasn't much truck traffic, but numerous bands of sheep, each being herded by a Hindu shepherd. We asked one of them how far they planned to go, and he said he didn't know; had been told to just keep moving north.

At Lashio Dr. Haas and Tomlinson came in, and we talked about their anti-malaria men scattered all over north Burma and south China. If the enemy isn't held south of Mandalay they will have to be evacuated. We don't have to worry about the Chinese because Dr. Tseng says his men know a lot of trails running from Burma into China, and if the enemy gets close, they'll use those trails, and the Japanese won't find these trails for some time thereafter. But we mean to get all Americans on the Yunnan-Burma Railway out by auto; if and when.

Nothing has been said about evacuating Burma, but there's a lot of suspense in the air, and nobody here would be surprised if it came to that.

Friday, April 24, 1942

Lt. Col. Boatner had been driving the roads south of Lashio all night

and decided that the bridges between Lashio and Loilem should be destroyed. He wanted some Yunnan-Burma Railway dynamite, which we furnished.

Transport planes had been arriving at Lashio from India with ammunition for the Chinese army and bombs for the Flying Tigers. When I saw some of them circling our airport and then flying away without landing, I drove down to see. The pilots could get no reply from the Lashio tower to their radio signals, and being afraid that the enemy had taken the place, they refused to land.

The British commander at Lashio had ordered the radio facilities destroyed, with the enemy probably a week away. One would think the radio would have been kept operating as long as possible and not be the first thing destroyed. He was removed from command for this by the British command at Maymyo. Some say the enemy has fifth columnists here. I don't know what for. We seem to deliberately play into their hands all the time. It isn't on purpose; it just works out that way.

Before noon I was in Col. Ho'mes' office (a Canadian in charge of the British section of the Burma Road). He said that all British soldiers and civilians had been ordered to be out of Lashio by nightfall. He had no orders pertaining to the Chinese or Americans here. Well and good. We don't want him telling us what to do, but we wish everyone would tell us what's going on. It was only by snooping around that I learned of the situation.

At noon I advised Dr. Tseng of my findings. He said that nobody in the Chinese army had told him anything either, so he went to their headquarters and asked them. Yes. They were evacuating Burma. The Yunnan-Burma Railway has more men and material here than anyone else, and yet nobody had taken the trouble to advise us of the situation.

Dr. Haas drove up to Kunlong to get his men. From them he learned that on the first 100 miles of railway construction in China, where 60,000 men had been working, less than 3,000 remained, and they were in the process of leaving. It had taken months to get all the men to the job; in fact, some of them arrived during the last

week of work; but in less than a week we were rid of them. At Wheping Dr. Haas found the hospital locked up, and across the river the big camp deserted, except for two dead coolies in one of the buildings. So with his cigarette lighter he set fire to the camp and cremated the coolies, and a million rats (by actual count, he says).

I told Dr. Haas that although the Generalissimo had given orders for Lashio to be held at all costs, there seemed to be no intention on anyone's part to make a stand at Lashio, or any other place. There are no tunnels on the Burma Road, and as the first big bridges are at the Salween, this seems to be the first place where the terrain alone can stop the enemy advance. Some of the Chinese say that when the enemy has taken Lashio they will probably stop. I don't know why they wouldn't want to take the aircraft factory at Loiwing. There is really no reason why they should stop at all, and will go all the way to Chungking, if they can.

Dr. Tseng instructed his men to take gasoline first, then dynamite, then the other tools in order of their importance, and unload them in spots from 66 to 101 miles out on the Burma Road. If the enemy takes Lashio we will then haul them farther. After watching trucks being loaded all afternoon, with as many supplies as each would carry, we added a few refugees for good measure. Leaving Lashio at 9 p.m. it took us three hours to get to Hsenwi, 35 miles away. It had rained and the road was slick and many trucks had slid into the ditch.

Dr. Tseng called a meeting of the Americans still around Lashio. He thought that in view of the bombing of Mandalay we should offer to go down there and help. We telephoned Dr. Williams in Stilwell's staff. He said if the Chinese Red Cross would come down, that would be all he'd need. Major Wilson said he would go down there anyway and see about some of his 10,000 trucks that were there. When he found them he told the drivers, who were hauling wounded to the hospital at Maymyo, to wait for him there. They stopped there, but didn't wait. An air raid came and they all left for Lashio. He ordered them to

drive back to Maymyo. But before Wilson could leave Mandalay the enemy bombed it. One of the bombs dropped near him and a splinter went through his heart. His men buried him in the bomb crater.

We had men enroute from the railway to the Ledo Road, and some of them are spending the night at Hsenwi. The Chinese commander at Lashio has asked Dr. Tseng to send 300 of our men who understand explosives down the Burma Road to work with the army, getting the bridges ready to be blown up. They say the Chinese army doesn't rightly know how to do this, which I can well believe.

So Dr. Tseng had his men at Hsenwi assembled and gave them a talk, of which I understood not a word, but it was effective because 300 of them volunteered to go down and help the Chinese army.

In addition to this, four Chinese officers came in to see Dr. Tseng. They said the bridge just south of Hsenwi was getting unsafe for truck traffic. We already had men chiseling holes up. So now we had two gangs working in the piers, getting it ready to blow on the same bridge at the same time; one gang getting the bridge ready for demolition; the other gang repairing the bridge so it would carry traffic until the time came to demolish it.

And so at 5 a.m., to bed.

Saturday, April 25, 1942

The Japanese had cut the Burma Road between Mandalay and Lashio, so we couldn't get down to where the generals were, even if we had wanted to, and they couldn't come up the road to where we were. General Lo commandeered a train to take him and his staff to Bhamo, but running without train orders they had no end of trouble.

General Stilwell started his famous march to India, but if we had been 47 hours later in calling on the generals, we would not only have encouraged them and wished them luck; we would have made the famous march to India with them.

Stilwell and his staff proceeded to Shwebo, where, for a few hours it was possible to use the air field, and about 30 of his party were flown out. While they were waiting for the plane

to return for more, things got pretty hot. so the general and the rest started walking to India, leaving Dr. Williams to wait for the next plane and tell them not to come back any more.

Some of the British were flown out and some walked to India. We got most of our supplies up into China ahead of the enemy, but we did lose a lot of material and 50 trucks at Mogaung, which was nothing compared to what the British lost; the whole country.

Dr. Tseng is very angry. A few of the 300 men he sent down to help the Chinese army are back. These men are civilians, and he had the Chinese army's promise that they would be protected. They were to work, not fight. But the army let them get too close to the front, or let the front get too close to them, so some were killed, some wounded, some captured, and the rest are back here. Dr. Tseng says he will never again send any of our men to their doom with the Chinese army.

We again spent the day in Lashio, getting to bed at Hsenwi at 3 a.m.

Sunday, April 26, 1942

The men of Dr. Haas' Medical Commission not too far from the Burma Road are no problem, but those at Bhamo, Myitkyina, Mogaung and up in the Hukawng Valley are in a difficult position. If we give them orders as to where to go, they might just walk into enemy hands. So it was decided that Dr. Manget, who speaks fluent Chinese, should drive over to these men, and keep in touch with conditions by radio, and decide, after he was ready to start back, whether to drive the roads or walk the trails. If the area is clear they can drive from Myitkyina to Bhamo to Wanting pretty quickly, if they drive night and day. I never did find out what they did.

Meanwhile the British are going from mile 101.5 to Bhamo, then to Myitkyina from which they hope to fly to India, and probably some of them will, but more of them will be captured at Myitkyina. They could all walk to India via the Hukawng Valley, but I doubt that they'll try it; just wait to be rescued.

We certainly have a strange situation. While we are getting the Americans out of north Burma into China, Dr. Tseng is continuing to send more engineers and laborers to Mogaung for the Ledo Road construction. I suggested that he hold those men here until we see what the enemy is going to do. He says he can't do that. The Generalissimo has ordered him to get his engineers and laborers to the Hukawng valley as fast as he can and proceed with that construction.

Dr. Tseng is a good soldier, and I respect him for it. He has his orders, and will continue to carry them out until it is physically impossible, and the way things are going, that won't be long now.

Lashio is now clear of our supplies, so we spent the day working from Hsenwi north. But we did drive to Lashio in the evening, getting back to Hsenwi at 2 a.m.

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Monday, April 27, 1942

After four hours of sleep we found Chinese soldiers in many of our trucks. When Dr. Tseng asked our drivers why they weren't hauling railway materials, they said Chinese soldiers had taken possession of some of the trucks.



JUNCTION at Mile 101.5 at Kyokuk, Burma, as it appeared on arrival April 27, 1942.

Dr. Tseng began questioning the soldiers, but the ringleader, a kind of mouthy kid, said they were going to ride these trucks to China, or else.

One of our drivers cut in with, "That is Tseng Yang-fu," and immediately the soldiers came to attention. Dr. Tseng asked them who they were, and where from, and they told him they had been at Loilem when the Japanese came through there, most of their offi-



CHINESE soldiers at Junction, Mile 101.5, had no smiles as they demanded trucks.

cers fled, so they threw down their rifles and fled too. They said they were tired of walking through towns where they could get nothing to eat because they had no money. They apologized for taking the trucks, so he gave them 50 rupees for buying rice, and said two or three could get on each loaded truck and ride to China that way.

Colonel Lu's wife had been staying with him at Lashio, but today had lunch with us at Hsenwi. She said the enemy was 80 miles south of Lashio, but we think they are closer than that or he wouldn't have sent her north. But we found out. At 8 p.m. we started driving to Lashio, as we had each day or evening, but 10 miles north of Lashio we were stopped by a colonel who said we would have to turn back. The enemy was only nine miles south of Lashio.

Dr. Tseng was all for remaining at Hsenwi until morning, but in view of what had happened to our laborers who had looked to the Chinese army for protection, I wanted to get farther up the road, and at once. So at 1:30 a.m. we left Hsenwi and at mile 101.5 turned off on the road to Bhamo, and at 7 a.m. stopped at a little town eight miles from the junction.

Tuesday, April 28, 1942

Dr. Tseng can fall asleep any time and almost any place, but as it was broad daylight I stayed awake, which was just as well because Drs. Haas and Tomlinson came in. When I asked how they happened to come here they said they had inquired about where Dr. Tseng was, because they know that where he was, there was also

food. The railway organization sees to that.

At 10 a.m., after a good breakfast we drove back to the junction at mile 101.5, and as the British were moving out of a small building there and going to Myitkyina, we and several railway police officers moved in.

The junction was a madhouse of trucks and refugees. When a driver gets ready to leave he just goes, sometimes separating families. One old lady had all her kids on a truck, but while



CHINESE ARMY at 101.5 on Burma Road is from all appearances in a rather confused state.

she was trying to hoist herself up, the trucks took off. She started to cry, so I put her on the next truck and told the driver to try to overtake her family. This was an R.A.F. truck, or I probably wouldn't have been understood.

We left the junction at noon and were back at Hsenwi at 4 p.m., where I dropped Dr. Tseng at our house there. Down the street I saw a monstrous traffic jam. The trucks were parked on both sides of the road, with one lane down the middle. One of our YBR trucks had stopped in this lane. The other drivers were trying to get him to move, but he just sat like he was dead. I got up on the seat beside him and motioned to him to back up. Still no sign of life. So I grabbed him by the hair and started bouncing his head against the board behind him; a regular tattoo. He turned on the ignition, stepped on the starter and backed out of the running lane onto the side of the road. This was the only time I ever laid a hand on any Chinese.

We left Hsenwi after dinner, and at 3 a.m. were in our beds at mile 101.5.

Wednesday, April 29, 1942

A Chinese merchant had been held up and robbed on the Burma Road. He said it had been done by two of our truck drivers. Dr. Tseng put the railway police on the case and before noon two of our drivers were arrested,



THIRD MAN from right is Yunan-Burma Railway truck driver charged with robbing Chinese merchant April 29, 1943.



ARRESTED railway truck driver at Mile 101.5, with arms tied behind him, is led to tie post.



ONE of the two drivers charged with robbery being tied to post at Mile 101.5.

JANUARY, 1974



OTHER DRIVER tied to post, conference is held between the two railway police officers who caught, tried and executed death sentence.

charged with the crime, and tied to posts behind the shack on which we were living.

That afternoon, as we were driving back to mile 66 to see about more supplies, I said to Dr. Tseng, "What's going to happen to our two truck drivers?"

"If the railway police find them guilty, they will be shot."

"Who gave them so much power?"

"I did."

"Who gave you so much power?"

"The Generalissimo."

All of which ended that conversation. I wasn't about to question the Generalissimo's authority.

When we got back to our shack at midnight the railway police officers were waiting up for us. They spoke one word in Chinese, and Dr. Tseng answered with one word. They shouted and some soldiers came running, untied the men from the posts, led them away from the camp and shot them.

But as Dr. Tseng said, "The Japanese aren't many miles behind us. We can't take weeks in going into technicalities. If we don't punish anyone for this robbery there'll be a whole wave of robberies on the Burma Road in the coming weeks. If these men are found guilty, and we shoot them, and we lay their bodies at the entrance to the truck driver's camp, it'll be a lesson to all of them, and the world will quickly be passed up the Burma Road for the benefit of anyone who might be thinking of making some easy money. I have the power. I also have the responsibility."

But it isn't only our drivers who

can be sentenced to death. The Governor of Yunnan Province had the commander of the Chinese 5th Army at Loilem shot for letting the Japanese get through.

On March 18 at Kunming, British General Dennis and Lt. Col. George of our American Military Mission to China were killed, along with many others, in an air crash. Col. Edward was in the back seat of the plane when it hit a mountain going 150 miles an hour. When he woke up he felt a lot of heat, and he imagined a steel rail was laying across his lap. As he got more conscious he found that it was the seat belt holding him into the seat, which had been thrown clear of the plane. As the plane and the other passengers were on fire, all he could do was to unfasten himself and walk back four miles to the airport, tell his story, and then collapse from shock, after which he was in the hospital for weeks.

Captain Roscoe Hambleton came to Lashio complaining about his inactivity at Chungking, and the probability that he would never be promoted there, and asked me to help him write a letter to General Stilwell, which I did. He was, he wrote, an expert on boats, having designed and run the first motorboat to ply the Yangtze gorge. His letter had the desired effect, and he was called to south Burma and put on Stilwell's staff.

When the retreat from Burma started, because of his knowledge of boats, he was ordered to remain at the Chin-dwin River and help the Chinese Army across. He stayed, like a good soldier, and when his mission was accomplished started walking to India, but was caught in the mountains by the rains, and died of exposure and starvation just before getting to India. His wife was sent the Silver Star, posthumously. Lt. Col. George, Major Wilson, Captain Hambleton, three killed out of the dozen or so Americans on the American Military Mission to China. You don't have to be executed to lose your life over here.

Thursday, April 30, 1942

Most of the Chinese army and many refugees have gotten rides north, but there are still a lot of men, women

and children walking the Burma Road, leading their half-grown kids, and carrying the little ones. Dr. Tseng said this would never do, and so he sent a few empty trucks back as far as Hsenwi to pick up all the stragglers bringing them to mile 101.5, where they would be distributed on trucks carrying supplies.

All winter during the dry season, our truck drivers had been dragging their feet, averaging only 30 miles a day, and thinking of all the excuses they could for not hauling supplies out on the railroad. They did barely enough to keep the job going, but since the evacuation of Lashio began they have really hit the ball, sleeping only a couple of hours, and driving the rest of the time, and so willingly. You'd swear it wasn't the same men.

Dr. Tseng said that the truck drivers had been working so hard that he would have to give them a day off, or they might collapse. I suggested he control his desire to treat them right until everything and everybody was across the Salween.

This morning we drove out to mile 8 on the road to Bhamo and found the Shan people going about their normal business, buying, selling and trading as if the war was a thousand miles away, instead of a hundred, and would probably soon be in their town. But the 17 million people of Burma; the Burmese, Shans, Chins, Kachins and other tribesmen just stay at home and go about their affairs. Probably most of them haven't been too aware of the British having been the rulers here, and are probably not too concerned about the Japanese taking over.

At 11 a.m. we left mile 8, and arrived back at Kyokuk at noon. While Dr. Tseng conferred with the Chinese generals, I went to see General Hearn, Stilwell's Chief of Staff. I told him that all our men and supplies were at mile 101.5 or north of it, but that men and equipment were still turning off at mile 101.5 and heading for Bhamo and Myitkyina to build the Ledo Road. He said that regardless of the Generalissimo's orders, it didn't seem a smart thing to do.

So I asked Dr. Tseng to come have a talk with General Hearn, who explained that this was a military deb-

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

acle of the first order; the enemy had Burma in the bag; that Stilwell was enroute to India; that the Hukawng Valley would probably fall also. That the 7,000 men we already had working on the road to India had better make their way to China, or be captured. He also said that while the enemy was approaching in a motorized column, he probably had scouts out ahead, and individual Chinese, British and Americans could be captured by them while the column was miles away. He suggested that we both leave for the north with him and his party.

Dr. Tseng said he preferred to remain at Kyokuk for a while yet, but that I could go with the general, but first he wanted me to accompany him out to mile 8 on the Bhamo Road while he gave instructions to his men there, and he would send no more men to Myitkyina, orders or no orders.

We got to mile 8 at 5 p.m. He sent one of his men to Nankham to tell Mr. C. Y. Tu, our Chief Engineer, to head for China. Then he sent a man to Bhamo to tell the engineer there to take all his men to Myitkyina, gather together all the men there and in the Kukawng Valley and take the trails to China.

When we got back to Kyokuk at 7 p.m., General Hearn and his staff had left. All except Col. Eckert, who had been designated to wait for me, and accompany me up to Burma Road.

All through the railway construction I had been urged to have a drink. I had said that when the railway was finished I would take one drink with Dr. Tseng, in honor of the occasion. The railroad has not been completed, but it certainly has been finished, for the time being. The golden spike cannot be driven, but due to the misfortunes of war the railroad will not be finished for some time to come, but none of that was due to Dr. Tseng and his engineers, so, with a few drops in my glass, we raised our champagne glasses and drank to the completion of the Yunnan-Burma Railway at some distant day.

I thought Dr. Tseng would break, but in a moment he recovered, and said he would just remain at Kyokuk for a while. Brigadier Hobson started south to look at the military situation,

and for his trouble got captured, and spent the rest of the war in a Japanese prison camp. This was what I had feared for Dr. Tseng and I.

Col. Eckert and I drove up the Burma Road to overtake General Hearn's party. We found them along the road under some trees, 16 kilometers south of Mangshih. Some of them sat up in their cars and tried to sleep; others lay down in trucks. I think all of them were hotel soldiers. I was used to going out on forays away from headquarters and had the equipment for it. So I unfolded my canvas cot and with my several blankets and pillow, had the only good rest, I think, in the crowd.

Friday, May 1, 1942

We got up at 6 and drove to the Yunnan-Burma Railway headquarters at Mangshih, where good fires were roaring in the outdoor cookstoves. Mr. Tu's secretary shooed the cooks away while we made our own breakfasts.

At 10:30 we reached Lungling and got into a traffic jam. Lt. Col. Boatner, Dr. Stevenson, Lt. Nixon and a few others got it untangled, but no sooner did we have traffic running when a truck from the other direction would sail out into the traffic lane. Hungry drivers left their trucks wherever they happened to stop, while they went to some Chinese restaurant to eat. But in four hours we had gotten through this little town and got to the south rim of the Salween about 3 p.m. Lt. Nixon looked down into the mile deep gorge and said what everyone says the first time they see it. Ooooooooo.

At 6 we crossed the river and at 11 p.m. were at Paoshan, where no rooms were available at the Technical Group Hostel, so we went to the Flying Tigers Hostel.

Mrs. Davidson had run the American Club at Hongkong when I came through there in August 1941. Before Pearl Harbor Day she had accepted the task of running the Flying Tigers headquarters at Loiwing, which Dr. Haas calls Shangri-La. And it was. In February she had flown from Loiwing to Lashio and wanted to go over the Burma Road by car, at least as far as the Salween. Mr. Latta, one of the aircraft mechanics from Hong Kong, was also at Lashio at this time, as was

his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Latta helped me talk Mrs. Davidson out of that journey, 235 miles of driving on a very difficult road. I had been over that road once, and didn't mean to ever go again, unless I had to, and I had to, unfortunately. But that was because the Japanese army was pushing us up the road.

Monday, May 4, 1942

For two days I mostly slept, with time out to eat and talk to General Hearn. I haven't slept much lately, and the chaos on the Burma Road is quite wearing.

When Loiwing had to be evacuated Mrs. Davidson flew to Yunnan-Yi, but she had not abandoned the idea of seeing as much of the Burma Road as she could, so instead of proceeding to Kunming, she caught a ride back here to Paoshan. Now, she wanted to know how much farther she could go. I said that while the distance from Paoshan to the north rim of the Lashio to the Salween was 235 miles, Salween was only 58 miles, and a fairly smooth road at that.

While Major Ingmire had just come over the road in his jeep, leading his convoy, he said he would be happy to drive her back to the north rim, from which she could look down almost a mile, and across the south rim; at all the trucks winding their way down and up again; an awe-inspiring sight, and be able to say, like everyone else. Oooooo. But that was yesterday.

Today most of us left Paoshan at 7, with Col. Engelhardt and I in one car, crossing the Mekong River and getting to Yunnan-yi at 7:40, only to learn that the enemy had bombed Paoshan around noon; wrecked the place, and killed several thousand people; innocent people; and I had been concerned about two apparently guilty truck drivers.

As we were all at the Flying Tigers' hostel, there was a lot of discussion about that bombing. Mrs. Davidson was all for returning to Paoshan to see if we could help. We told her that Dr. Haas and his medical mission were still there, as was Ed Pawley, Chuck Hunter, Doc Walsh and others. So again we talked her out of it. But it was a good thought.

Tuesday, May 5, 1942

Leaving Yunnan-yi at 7, and stopping to fix two flat tires enroute, we reached Tsuyung at noon, and had lunch with Major Haywood who had his headquarters there.

Between Lashio and Yunnan-yi the Yunnan-Burma Railway is, in general, about a hundred miles from the Burma Road. But from Yunnan-yi to Kunming they are roughly parallel, with the road on one side of the river and the railroad on the other side. The bridge piers for the railroad, some of them quite high, are complete. Col. Engelhardt, my companion, seemed to be favorably impressed with what he could see from the car as we drove along. We discussed the construction, war and peace, West Point, and a myriad of subjects. But by 8 p.m. we had reached the Flying Tigers hostel in Kunming.

These flyers have done a lot for China, and while the hostels are not very pretentious, the Chinese government does the best it can for them, by commandeering the places they want.

Col. Mac Morland, General Magruder's Chief of Staff, has his office here, and I told him all construction in the Far East was apparently done for some time to come, and I would like to be sent back to Washington for another railway assignment. He said if I would write him a letter he would forward it to Magruder at Chungking.

Thursday, May 7, 1942

Up at 5:45 (just from habit) and paid \$4 Chinese for a haircut (20 cents US) then drove out to the airfield where I saw General Hearn, Col. Engelhardt, Col. Eckert, Lt. Col. Boatner and Major Hill get on a plane for India, where they will await Stilwell's walk out of Burma.

Dr. Haas is in from Paoshan, and says there were two bombings. He and his men were in the first one, and just outside of town for the second, but could see it from the hill where they were. Then he drove back to town to see if we were all right, and was glad to see we had already left, but a big bomb had dropped in our courtyard and splinters from it had wounded A. L. Younkers on Inter-

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continent and killed the many who had taken Mrs. Davidson's room after she left.

He said the few Chinese doctors have nothing; no drugs, no tools. But they didn't need much. Many were killed but very few wounded.

It took them 12 hours to get out of town after the raids, which made them so late that they were in the Mekong gorge all night, barely moving, with shouting and crying and broken and stalled cars, and Chinese soldiers shooting off their rifles to try to hurry people.

But for just plain deviltry I think the airplane mechanics for the Flying Tigers get the prize; driving their jeeps in the hostel hallways, tearing off the screen doors to the rooms, and hitting the hallway corners as hard as they dared. The Chinese fix up after them and say nothing.

A note on the bulletin board says that anyone having bedbugs in his room, write the room number on this bulletin and they will be taken care of. One man wrote, "Ditto. And mouses too."

Saturday, May 9, 1942

Mrs. Davidson left for India at 8, and at 11:45 the air raid siren blew. I went across the road to the Chinese cemetery, and lay down between the rows. Mr. Graham was there also. I hadn't seen him since he drove my jeep up to Lashio from Rangoon, and along with a letter from Major Frank D. Merrill, later to lead the Marauders. It read, "Dear Ausland: Mr. D. W. Graham is delivering your long promised jeep. Treat it kindly and consider that it is just a young thing not yet familiar with the facts of life. Sincerely, F. D. Merrill."

To which I replied as of Feb. 1, 1942:

"In re your note, Mr. Graham is driving your long promised JEEP.

"Treat it well and consider that it is just a young thing not yet familiar with the facts of LIFE. It spent some weeks at your headquarters at Rangoon; and yet you say she is not familiar with the facts of LIFE. She is no longer a virgin, having been ridden not only by Mr. Graham, but probably by most of the members of the MISSION as well.

"And yet you say she does not know the facts of LIFE. A speedometer is something that tells you how FAR you can go with them before you get back. And as the speedometer was broken I presume at least one of you went the whole way with her. And not only that: the fire extinguisher was gone. Not needed I suppose.

"And yet you say she does not know the facts of LIFE. Tsk. Tsk. The Navy boys call their trucks "Florence" or "Grace". And so in view of the foregoing facts I must not only treat her GENTLY, but give her a fitting name. And so I go farther, and inasmuch as she weighs about two pounds less than a HORSE; is no longer a virgin; has been ridden; has no speedometer or fire-extinguisher; is quick on the PICKUP; takes curves easily; rides rough, but looks comfortable I shall call her XXX XXXX and she shall be known by this name from now on. AUSLAND."

(XXX XXXX represents a buxom blonde movie star who fits the description above.)

Monday, May 11, 1942

Dutch Myers, Ed Pawley, Chuck Hunter, Doc Walsh and others came in from Paoshan yesterday, and said it was terrible. Also Major Ingmire and his convoy left for Chungking.

A young Englishman from Lashio, who couldn't get a commission in either the British or American armies, took a major's commission with the Chinese. He asked Col. MacMorland to lend him some 50 caliber machine guns. He would put these on some armored cars the Chinese army had, and head south and give battle to the Japanese. He got the guns, but the Chinese general to whom the armored cars had been assigned wouldn't let him have them. He had all his personal belongings, and a lot of other loot in them, and in case the enemy get this far, wants to be able to get to Chungking in a hurry.

Last night Col. MacMorland told me to take the next plane to Chungking, so I was up at 6:15, paid the hostel \$565, and tipped the help \$35—Chinese money at a nickel to the dollar. We had an air raid warning at 11, but I went to the airfield to see Dr. Haas and his men leave for India. Then

at 4 my plane left for Chungking. The engine just outside my window (a DC3) was going putt-putt. The pilot, Sharp, came back and looked out and said we had blown a gasket, and returned to Kunming. While waiting for the gasket to be fixed we saw a Chinese pilot in a training plane. It began to wobble, so he parachuted out and the plane crashed on the runway.

At 4:30 we took off again. Many of the Chinese passengers were airsick and heaving in the aisle. But at 6 p.m. we were back in Kunming. Fog had descended on the Chungking airfields after we had left Kunming the second time. So I was back with those who had wished me happy landing this morning.

Tuesday, May 12, 1942

We were airborne at Kunming at 8:45 and landed at Chungking at 12:10 p.m. Today the passengers felt better.

At Chungking I climbed the 300 steps again and rode a car to Mission headquarters where I met General Magruder and his staff, and learned that the Generalissimo had wired for Dr. Tseng to come to Chungking, and he had passed us while we were at Paoshan.

And today I got my 14th letter from home. It took 53 days to get here. The fastest one got here in 21 days and the slowest in 142 days. All 14 letters averaged 63 days each.

Wetzel and I called on Dr. Tseng at his office. A regular morgue. He feels terrible about the way his countrymen are being pushed around by the Japanese. The Chinese, who had been at war a long time then, had thought that when the U.S. entered the war, their lot would be easier, and they had good reason to think so. We had been b'owing about how many planes we were going to make, how many tanks, etc., but we hadn't said it was all, or mostly all going to Russia and the British. They had every reason to think they would get their fair share. Battles which China fought and lost after a declaration of war by us, which, if they had been fought when China was alone, could have just been considered a misfortune of war, became very disheartening to the Chinese. They had expected to begin winning with our help.

"Despair. Painful eagerness of unfed hope."

Tuesday, May 19, 1942

When I told General Magruder I wanted to go back to Washington for another railway assignment he said, "The only man in the world who can let you go back to Washington is Stilwell. I'll order you to New Delhi. You can talk to him when he gets out of Burma."

From 8 to 10 a.m. we flew from Chungking to Kunming without incident. But when we got ready to take off from Kunming we ran off the runway and got stuck in the mud. With several hundred Chinese soldiers under the wings (DC3) pushing up, and a truck chained to the tail section, we got pulled back on the runway and left.

As the plane would only go to 16,000 feet, and as there were 20,000 foot mountains to negotiate, we had to go between peaks, which we almost didn't do. Suddenly we made a right turn so fast that we felt like our shoulders were being pushed into our seats. The pilot had drifted just enough in the fog so that we almost hit a mountain. The men sitting on the other side of the plane said we almost grazed the tree tops, and if we had, it would have been goodbye forever.

We didn't land in Assam as planned, but flew on down to Calcutta, which we missed also, and were soon out over the Bay of Bengal. Heading back to land, we flew around the delta until we found a small dirt airfield. A jillion natives came to the plane. When we said, "Calcutta?" they all pointed in the same direction. We headed in the direction they had indicated and soon landed at Dum Dum airport at Calcutta. A pretty crude way of flying in this modern age, but that's what we did.

And with dozens of pilots in the plane; the men who had bombed Tokyo for the first time, going back to Washington. All except Jimmy Doolittle. He had taken an earlier plane, and was back in Washington being decorated by President Roosevelt before the rest of his men, and me, had even left Chungking.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Thursday, May 21, 1942

When I reached the Great Eastern Hotel at 8 p.m. Tuesday, I was met in the lobby by Edgar Snow and Wilfred G. Burchett, war correspondents. We had dinner together and then went to the movies. When we got out it was so pitch-black dark that we hired a horsedrawn hack to take us back to the hotel. The carriage just barely moved, and you would think the driver was getting paid by the hour. Burchett said he'd fix that, so he climbed over the seat and sat next to the driver and took the reins. The driver yelled bloody murder and said that if the police caught anyone except him driving his horse, we would all be arrested. But the Hindu got us to the hotel in a hurry, and seemed to be glad to be rid of us.

Yesterday I met Captain Jones and a number of other officers from Lashio and Chungking. Our Finance Officer from Chungking was at lunch with a bunch of us, Edgar Snow included. He apparently didn't like Snow's looks and said to me, "If that Englishman doesn't stop looking down his nose at me, I'm going to poke him."

"That Englishman," I said, "is an American, Edgar Snow, the author, and is just about as famous in writing circles as you are in Finance." This seemed to mollify him and there was no more pokey talk.

At 6 p.m. yesterday I was on the train for New Delhi. And at 5 this morning a Hindu woke me to ask me to buy something, so I got up and dressed. When the train stopped at Al'ahabad and later at Cawnpore, I stepped off and went up in the diner. The afternoon I spent sweating, the heat outside just like a furnace.

At 10:30 p.m. we reached Delhi, but at the Imperial Hotel the desk clerk said they were full up, and I'd have to go to some other hotel, but just then General Francis Brady of the Air Corps came in and told me to take the other bed in his room. He had been wondering how I had made it out of Lashio.

Friday, May 22, 1942

In the morning I talked with Dr. Haas and his medical officers, who have been assigned to work with Gen-

eral Raymond Wheeler, commanding the Services of Supply. When I told them I planned to go home they thought it very funny. A sick man, perhaps but a well man? Not in a thousand years. And while I was as unobtrusive as possible, one noon Col. Kohlaas sat down to lunch at my table, and said, "engineer major eh."

So I had to tell him what I had been doing, but that I was going to talk to Stilwell about going home. But he insisted that nobody was going home, and I was just the man to help him build airports.

"But I don't know anything about building airports."

"You'll learn."

"Why should I when a lieutenant can learn it just as easily as I can?"

"You're here. We'd have to send for the lieutenant."

"If I stay here and learn to build airports you'll have other officers, who know nothing about building railroads, doing that in other parts of the world. I've spent my whole life on railway construction, and if General Stilwell will let me, I propose to go back to Washington for another railway assignment."

"And I shall ask the general to assign you to my organization."

We were getting nowhere fast. But the colonel had one more reason why I should stay in India. It seems that there were orders at the air field at Chabua in Assam province for me to get off the plane there and be assigned to some task or other. But the plane didn't stop there, and so I came on to Delhi without knowing what I was supposed to do at Chabua. But I insisted that I had orders from General Magruder to report to Stilwell, and this I meant to do.

Wednesday, May 27, 1942

While Stilwell had been settling his more urgent affairs the two days he has been here, I had been talking to General Hearn, Col. Engelhardt and Col. Boatner, and this morning I was told that now was the time, so I went into General Stilwell's office, saluted and sat down. Then I told him I wanted to go home, and why.

"He replied, "We've been driven out of Burma, but we're not going to take

this lying down. We're going to retake Burma." And he was very emphatic.

"I know you are, general, but not during this rainy season."

"No, but when I do, you're coming back here and finish the Yunnan-Burma Railway."

I said I would be happy to, and so he said he would let me know later in the day.

About an hour later, as I walked by General Hearn's desk, he said very quietly, "It's all fixed." I didn't know if it was all fixed for me to stay here, go home, or be shot at sunrise, but I could guess.

In the hall I met Hayden Boatner, who said, "It sure was funny in the office this morning. General Stilwell stopped by General Hearn's desk and asked, 'Do you know of any reason why Aus'and shouldn't be sent back to Washington?'" General Hearn looked around at the officers who were going to ask Stilwell to assign me to their organizations. They were all quite busy and never even looked up from their desks."

General Hearn looked up and said, "No Sir. I don't."

"Well, send him home then."

Sunday, June 14, 1942

On Memorial Day, May 30, along with many crates of wolfram tied to the floor of a DC3, and me as the only passenger, we left New Delhi for Karachi, Basran over Jerusalem and Beth'ehem to Cairo. From the Heliopolis Hotel I took a cab to the pyramids. Another plane, this one full of passengers, flew up the Nile to Khartoum, where it was so hot, even at night, that we flooded the courtyard with



IN CAIRO, Egypt, on June 3, 1942, Major John E. Ausland is shown with Sphinx.

two inches of water, and brought our cots out of the building and set them up in the water. Then across central Africa to ElFasher, Geneina, Maideugurda, Kano, Lagos, Accra, Ticerogy, Roberts Field, then to Fisherman's Lake where we boarded the Pan-Am Clipper for Natal, and Belem, Brazil. Port of Spain in Trinidad, San Juan in Porto Rico, Bermuda and Baltimore, landing on the river there.

Taking the train to Washington I called on the Secretary of War and delivered a big envelope which contained General Stilwell's personal report to him on the Battle of Burma, which I had carried inside my shirt all the way.

And so ends my 10 months with Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, one of the great construction engineers of all time, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, the Governor of Burma, Sir John Rowland, Director General of the railway in Burma, Col. Holmes of the Burma Road in Burma, Nevin Wetzel, my assistant, Dr. Haas and his medical commission, Stilwell and General Hearn his Chief of Staff, Frank Merrill of later Marauder fame, Chennault and his Flying Tigers, the Generalissimo and the three who have died so far, George, Wilson and Hombledon.

May my memory of these gallant men, Chinese, British and Americans, living and dead, never grow dim. □

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A Soft Touch War

By E. M. NIGHTINGALE

We weren't long in Huang Sa-ba. The battalion soon passed through to occupy a position above Lungling where the Japs were digging in, and we followed. The team had acquired a veterinary lieutenant with four enlisted men so a single Jeep was far from adequate. Most of us from now on would hoof it. We consequently drew five mules and a horse from a nearby animal pool of the remount service.

The horse was the sorriest nag ever and must have been a throwback to the Equus Frigidus of Northern Europe. We dubbed him O'd George. Heavy boned, stubby legged, and ram headed, his only gait approximated a shuffle. He drooped all over.

The principal city between the Salween and the Burma Road, Lungling lay in a bowl-shaped valley. The Japs had dug in both there and on the commanding hills and razorbacks that dominated the approaches from the east. Never much of a place, our planes and artillery had messed it up completely during preliminary operations.

Our infantry had occupied positions for several miles in from the highway and along the valley's eastern side and was now feeling out the enemy. Behind was probably the largest concentration of artillery employed so far in the war.

Undoubtedly, it was the most varied and would have given any ammunition supply officer fits. There was our own type of howitzer, Russian 76's, German 150's, captured Jap mountain

guns, and an assortment of antiques that would have been a credit to any museum. Battery positions were everywhere. Therefore, when we found a campsite it had to be in a spot surrounded by guns. Shells whistled over so continuously that you couldn't tell who they belonged to. The Japs had little artillery left, but it was wise to walk in a semi-horizontal position.

We were still disorganized when Col. Liu dropped by to say, "I'll send some men to help you."

"Help us do what?" I figured we could take care of ourselves.

"Put up a building."

"A building?"

A Jap shell exploded a short distance down the road.

"Certainly, it might rain, and there's no need to cook and eat outside when you don't have to, war or no war. We may be here many days."

"You've enough to do."

"Not at all, you're my guests." He sat down on a bedding roll and eyed a jar of Nescafe.

The call went out for hot water.

Another officer made an inspection afterwards and returned the next day with a detail that had walked several miles to cut bamboo. They built us a small combination cook house and mess in no time and furnished it with a table and benches. The Colonel was then sent for and gave it a complete inspection before dismissing them.

He had established his observation post on a steep hill jutting onto the valley floor. The front line was directly below and the first buildings of Lungling not over eight hundred yards away. Observation was perfect while the dugout was so strongly fortified with timbers that only the heaviest artillery could have made a dent in it. To be there after the battle began amounted to holding a press box seat in a stadium. The Colonel here held a daily officers call at noon where the conversation was more chit-chat than of a military nature. Drinks followed and then a lunch prepared behind the hill by his orderlies. The old boy was determined to conduct his war in style.



CHINESE troops move down the Burma Road to take up positions before Lungling in October, 1944. All their officers rode.

Where the Peacock Spreads Its Fan

India's National Bird

By RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J.

Some who are old enough may remember a song that was popular about the same time as the Model-T Ford. It has this catchy refrain: "Hindustan, where the peacock spreads its fan."

The peacock, however, spreads its fan in so many parks and zoological gardens in U.S.A. that some may take it to be a native American bird. But it isn't. There are only two species of peacocks; incidentally, they belong to the pheasant family. One species is found in Burma and other parts of Asia. But the more common species is "pavo cristatus" (Linnaeus), and its natural habitat is India. It grows wild throughout the subcontinent from Puniab to Cape Comorin, and has been declared India's national bird.

It has also been declared unlawful in India to kill this beautiful bird, because devout Hindus consider the peacock to be sacred. The goddess Saraswati is said to ride on a peacock, and it likewise provides transportation for the god of war, Kartikeya. The ancient Greeks and Romans also held the peacock in veneration, but historians claim that their devotion was not sufficiently profound to prevent them from serving up roast peacock as a delicacy at table. If anyone wonders where they got their peacocks, it would be a safe bet that they imported them from India. For the same historians state that in ancient times the peacock was taken to all parts of the then known world. This is substantiated by a passage from the Old Testament. The 1st Book of Kings, chapter 10, verse 22 tells us that when King Solomon was reigning in all his glory, "once in three years came the ships of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes, and peacocks."

Before going any farther, it may be well to call attention to the fact that it is not entirely correct to speak only of pea-COCKS; nor is it quite fair to the lady bird. It's like calling all chickens roosters; as though there

were no hens. So when referring to "pavo cristatus" in general, it is more proper to speak of **peafowl**; this includes both the peacock and the peahen.

In common usage, however, there is a strong tendency to speak almost exclusively of the peacock, which is ever so much more attractive, because it is more richly colored than the peahen. And we use the expression "proud as a peacock," because it is only the cock that has a magnificent train which it spreads, and then struts about quivering its quills from time to time to attract the attention of the lady bird, and to display before her its beautiful plumage. The cock really has something to be proud of. Its stately head is adorned with a crest of delicate gossamer-like feathers, and its long graceful neck and breast are a bright metallic blue. Its back is green and tips of the wings are copper colored. But the peacock's real showpiece is



THE AUTHOR is shown here with a pet peacock at Patna, Bihar, India.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

its gorgeous train, which may reach four feet in length. When spread out it becomes a magnificent fan of shimmering green and gold, studded with eye-like patches of changeable colors. These beautiful tail feathers are used for hand-fans and ornamentation.

Because the peafowl is so well protected in India by religious sentiment, it can be found in great numbers, especially in wooded areas. But in some places the birds have become semi-domesticated and so tame that they go about quite unconcerned even in crowded cities. The so-called Pink City of Jaipur, for instance, is full of peacocks and peahens. On my first visit to Jaipur, I arrived late in the evening, and I was startled by loud strident cries that sounded very much like the screams of someone in dire distress. I soon learned, however, that the cries came from a chorus of peacocks. In sharp contrast to its gracefulness and beauty, the peacock has a very unpleasant raucous cry. And for some reason best known to the peacock itself, it likes to sound off especially when rain is in the offing.

One can hardly speak of India's national bird without calling to mind the famous Peacock Throne. This work of art, like the Taj Mahal and the Pearl Mosque in Agra, was produced during the reign of the Moghul Emperor Shah Jahan. It adorned his court in Delhi. The Throne has been described as being "in the form of a cot bedstead on golden legs. The enamelled canopy was supported by twelve emerald pillars, each of which bore two peacocks encrusted with gems. A tree covered with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls stood between each pair of birds."

Unlike the Taj and the Pearl Mosque, the Peacock Throne is nowhere on display today. In 1738 A.D., Nadir Shah of Persia invaded India and plundered the Palace of Shah Jahan in Delhi. The following year he returned to his home base with all the crown jewels, which included the famous Koh-i-nur diamond, and the magnificent Peacock Throne. What became of the Throne after that is anybody's guess. If it still exists, and if anyone knows where it is, he isn't telling. □



From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—Mr. F a tehsinghrao Gaekwad, former Maharaja of Baroda, has replaced Mr. V. D. Chowguie of Goa as the richest man in India, according to the net wealth tax assessment figures furnished in the Lok Sabha of the country's 75 top rich men.

CHANDIGARH—There will be 20% reservation for candidates belonging to Scheduled Castes in all the public undertakings in Haryana, it has been reported by Mr. Syam Chand, Development Minister. He said the reservation would be fully implemented in all the medical, professional and training colleges in the State. Four factories will also be set up to provide employment for about 1,000 people belonging to the depressed classes.

CALCUTTA—The West Bengal Government has been conducting a feasibility survey to find out whether tubewells could be sunk in 3,000 villages in the state, mainly in Purulia Bankura and Darjeeling districts. There are no tubewells in these villages. Mr. Ananda Mohan Biswas, Minister of State for Agriculture and Community Development, said that under the rural water supply scheme, 100,000 tubewells had been sunk in 38,000 villages in West Bengal.

BARODA—The lion population in the Gir forest in Gujarat, which showed signs of depletion only five years ago, is now increasing slowly and has crossed the 200 mark. The 1967 census of these magnificent animals in Gir, the last refuge of the Asiatic lion, had indicated only 177 of them. As a measure to make the lion in Gir live and multiply in peace, it was decided to remove 845 Maldhari families owning nearly 17,000 cattle from the forest and rehabilitate them in adjoining areas.

Last of the Flying Tigers

Several months ago *Ex-CBI Roundup* carried a picture of Chuck Doyle with a P-40 he had just purchased for restoring. If you've wondered about Doyle, the man, you'll be interested in this article from *The Flying A*, a publication of Aeroquip Corporation, Jackson, Mich.

We recently received a call suggesting that we do a story on a rather unusual application of Aeroquip hose. A man named Chuck Doyle was looking for hose lines for a P-40 and a P-51 fighter plane he was restoring. The story promised to develop into an interesting article on the P-40, fighter plane of the famed Flying Tigers of World War II.

As it turned out the man was more interesting than the machine. Chuck Doyle is the last of a disappearing breed.

Now senior pilot for a major airline, Chuck's career began in the early 1930's when he joined the barnstorming

team of Captain Bob Ward—Daredevil Ace. The sixteen-year-old Doyle became a full fledged member of the team, wing-walking, jumping cars, crashing through flaming barriers with a motorcycle and parachuting.

When asked if he had received any special training for his stunts Doyle replied, "No, they'd just tell me what they wanted me to do, and I'd go look it over. If I figured that I could do it, I'd go ahead and try. I got banged up a few times but I was never seriously hurt."

Doyle is remarkably modest about his barnstorming days. A typical comment, "Most of these stunts look tougher than they really are. Take crashing a plane into a building. You can normally get your ground speed down to 50 to 80 miles an hour, and if you're going into a frame building the walls will crush in and take the impact. It looks spectacular but it's really no more difficult than a car crash or ramming a motorcycle through a barrier."

One of Doyle's stunts involved driving a motorcycle through three walls of 1" pine boards which were covered with excelsior soaked in gasoline and set afire. The walls were not weakened before the crash and the cyclist had to rely on speed and momentum to carry him through the boards.

Now in his fifties Doyle still goes in for spectacular hobbies, operating a banner towing service in Minneapolis in addition to his regular flying duties. He uses a classic Stearman Biplane to tow the banners at local sporting events. He also dabbles in sky writing and, when not in the air, occupies himself by restoring antique aircraft.

It was while pursuing this last hobby that Chuck Doyle came to the attention of Aeroquip. Chuck had nearly completed the restoration of the P-40 and was beginning to work on a P-51. The 51 was plumbed with Aeroquip hose lines dated 1952, and Chuck approached the local Aeroquip plant for replacements.

The local industrial division district

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



AIRLINE stewardess Susan Hovey poses with P-40 aircraft owned by Chuck Doyle.



DOYLE adheres to a strict maintenance program for his planes. He also maintains a hangar, workshop and landing strip at his farm home.

manager, Jim McBride, helped Chuck obtain the lines he needed from the AMB division. While working with Chuck, McBride heard his story and suggested that it might make an interesting article.

Chuck was most cooperative, even making arrangements to have his prized P-40, one of the last of that model in existence, towed to the Aeroquip plant located in the Airlake Industrial Park at Lakeville, Minnesota, for photos. This is actually the second P-40 that Chuck has restored. His first effort is now on exhibit at the Air Force Museum in Ohio. That particular model is the last P-40 of its kind in existence.

By the time the plane reached the Aeroquip plant, which is about half a mile from the air strip at Airlake, a caravan of interested motorists had formed behind the plane. There is something about the old "Flying Tiger" that stirs people. According to Chuck, the plane attracts crowds wherever it goes.

Jim McBride had arranged to have a stewardess from Chuck's airline on hand to pose for pictures with the plane.

While talking with Chuck after the photo session he told us of his latest adventure. It seems that a local water skier had become interested in kiting, being towed behind a boat on skis while hanging onto a giant kite which takes the skier into the air.

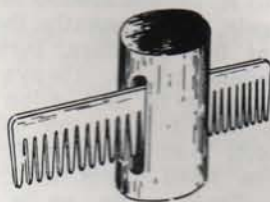
This intrepid individual had decided to try to set the world's altitude record for a water skier on a kite. Since the length of the tow rope limited his altitude when being towed by boat, he decided to try it with an airplane. He began to search for a pilot good enough to tow the kite and was directed to Chuck. Chuck agreed and, after planning the operation, towed the man to an altitude of 8500 feet. This is assumed to be a world's record since no other claimant has come forward.

While towing the man, Chuck decided that the stunt looked like fun. The next day he strapped on his water skis and had himself towed aloft by a friend.

Chuck Doyle, the last of a disappearing breed. □

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Bigtown---Not Bulltown

This is part of a letter written by a CBler to his wife, after arrival in India during the war and before he was permitted to identify the location. The descriptions should bring back memories.

By **ROBERT D. HEESCHEN**

A short while back I stood on a corner in BIGTOWN with a friend. He decided that the scene was worthy of a picture, so he used one of his precious films for that purpose. The picture turned out good. I do not have it here but expect to get a copy. Even if I had it I could not send it to you, so I will try to describe it as I saw it. Of course everything I talk about will not be on the picture—the camera could only catch a static glimpse in one direction—while my eyes were going round and round in all directions. I have stood on that corner many times so my view will be a composite of many impressions.

Across the street was a large park. Streetcars coming from all directions turned into it, looped around and headed out again. Consequently there was a constant flow of cars, large, fast, quiet, modern trams, always two in tandem coming in and going out, at all times crowded to the gills. The little switch man jumping from frog to frog to head them in the right direction—Traffic cop on a cement block casually surveying the scene, shrill inadequate whistle, never lifting his hand above his shoulder. Taxis, battered, extra bumpers, starting and stopping. New cars and old cars, big and little, with old bulb type horns that were retired from the U.S. too long ago. Horse drawn coaches (they have a special name but I can't recall it now), black and square, all the same, with bundles of grass alongside the driver, Gherrys (rickshaws) ready to fall apart as one did for me in another town. The gherry wallahs clucking their little bells to warn of their approach or to drum up trade. A cow saunters into the stream of traffic, sad eyed and weary, chewing her meager cud—decides not to cross,

starts back, finds ideal place to rest, lays down to accompaniment of horns and bells. Cow wins argument—horns give up, traffic moves around cow. People—big, little, black-white-brown-yellow. Beggars and plutocrats, hustle and bustle. Smart western dress, beautifully embroidered sari, tattletale gray dhoty (on men), breech clout, tight fitting, slit Chinese skirts, naked children, formless dangling coolie pants, uniforms of all descriptions. Sidewalks cluttered with vendors, sprawling sleeping forms—red betel nut stains—cow dung. Monkey wallah with hour glass like drum, thong with weight attached, twisting it back and forth—thump, thump, thump, steady without variance. Monkey knowing only one trick—hand outstretched for baksheesh. Naked boy of about four years: no mama, no papa, no sister, no brother, no anna-sahib. Thin woman, toothpick arms and legs, baby clutching at her deflated breasts, decides to rest on curbing. May peace be on her soul. Long narrow, two wheeled wagon loaded with boxes, pulled by two men, pushed by two men, creaks and groans toward intersection. Wheel comes off—boxes all over—south bound traffic all cluttered—one north bound lane blocked—boxes all over. Horns, whistles, bells, bedlam. Vituperation in Hindi—in Chinese—in English. Men scramble to clear street—everyone shouts at them—no one helps. Traffic moves again except for one lane.

Cow gets up and sniffs boxes—wanders across street to park. Baby still clutching mother's breast, realizes something has happened to mother and expresses opinion in weak wheezy whine. No one pays any attention. Many feet step around or over the two figures. Men get wagon fixed—pile boxes on—move off. Horribly disfigured beggar—chin grown onto shoulder (very often self inflicted wound to make better begging). Pox marked faces. Wretched wagon draws up—Corpse of woman dumped unceremoniously into it—moves off. No one knows what hap-

pened to baby—no one cares. Thump-thump-thump, never missed a beat. Life is precious enough to those alive—no time to waste it on dead ones. Youngster with terrible skin disease, begging, of course. Do not let him touch you as he passes. Blue-black crow-like birds circle and wheel. Dart down among the traffic. Scavengers of the city.

Good fortune, sahib, only eight anas. Shine, sahib—dirty little boot-blacks with dirtier breech-clouts, always seem to be in pairs.

Late shadows lengthen across the park. The heat of the day begins to wane, tho it is hot as H— even now. More and more people crowd the walks, overflow into the streets as the comparative cool of evening advances. More figures take up available space along the walls—reserving sleeping room for the nite. Man bathes in puddle of water in gutter. Flute seller tootles by. Two taxis lock bumpers, bearded turbaned Sikh drivers glower at each other. Looks like a big fight brewing. No soap. Survey damages, talk over

predicament—more horns and shouting. Sikhs discover they are old friends. Make big joke. Hold long palaver. Honk, honk. Don't bother them. One removes his turban revealing long hair curled in a top-knot. Looks effeminate in spite of fierce beard. Finally get cars apart.

Fruit wallahs-cookie wallahs-beetle-nut wallahs-cocanut wallahs-just plain wallah-wallahs.

Men, women and children are squatting on sidewalks, eating their evening meal. Night closes in suddenly, hiding the dirt and the dust, but it cannot hide the smell.

Mysterious India? No, not mysterious at all. Just four hundred million people—geared in mind and soul to the time of Buddha, having the 20th century thrust upon them. Divided by casts and creeds, led by leaders who cannot agree with each other, uncertain of its future as it is of its present, writhing and groaning as it seeks—not to justify itself—not to glorify itself—but merely to keep its body and soul together. □

Records Verify Ties of Chinese Hospital

New York Times News Service

Through five decades of warlord coups, Japanese occupation and Communist revolution in Peking, old records of the former Peking Union Medical Hospital—now called the Capital Hospital—are still intact.

Mrs. Alison Stilwell Cameron, daughter of the late Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell, was able to verify this in Peking recently when she sought files on her birth in the hospital, widely known as PUMC, more than 50 years ago.

Mrs. Cameron, a member of a group of American women stopping over in Hong Kong after a three-week visit to China, said she put in a request for the records last week and they were shown to her after considerable searching by hospital workers in musty storerooms.

The files showed that Mrs. Joseph Stilwell was a patient in the hospital

in February 1921 and gave birth to a girl. At the time her husband, a young American Army officer who became a famous commander in China and elsewhere during World War II, was a major and a student of Chinese in Peking.

The hospital was built with funds of the Rockefeller Foundation, and for many years it was the leading teaching hospital in China. □

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Commander's Message

by

C. H. Smith
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Ho King Lo Restaurant at Lincolnwood, Ill., was the setting for the installation program of the Chicago Basha meeting, Sunday, Nov. 18, 1973. Host for the 106 CBIERS and guests, was our own CBI member, Wayne Sit. Cocktails were served, starting at 5 p.m. and the bill of fare for dinner offered continental as well as oriental food, a'! super delicious.

Commander Marcel Jansen opened the meeting with a salute to the colors and following, Al Grajek, senior vice commander of the Chicago Basha introduced Don Shapiro, who took over as master of ceremonies.

I, your national commander, was introduced, and in turn I recognized the national officers present, namely, Richard Poppe, National Senior Vice Commander; Edward G. Decapita, Junior Vice Commander, Great Lakes; Louis De Marino, Public Relations Officer, and Leroy Tallman, National Service Officer. Very rewarding to have these officers present, I realize the time and effort involved in each of their lives, and at the same time is listed under love for CBI.

Louis Loeffle, National department hospital commission, and state service officer of the Disabled American Veterans, gave the keynote address. Following his talk concerning Veterans Hospitals, your commander installed the new officers and my sincere congratulations to Emil Tessari, the new Commander, and to all his officers, I wish for you all a most successful and rewarding year in CBI.

Blanche and I were house guests of Roy and Louise Tallman, and we do appreciate the warm hospitality extended to us, that late snack of home made pumpkin pie was delicious.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Charles Lindberg, the death of his be-

loved wife, Rachel was so untimely, and we miss her . . . now.

With another December 7th, we all pause once again, and recall PEARL HARBOR DAY, THE DAY OF INFAMY, when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor catapulted America into World War II and scores of men and ships were lost, among them the Arizona which went down with 1,102 sailors entombed in her hull . . . when a Sleeping Giant was wide awakened, and the course of history and all our lives took a tremendous turn. May this Giant never be caught sleeping that sound again. When Blanche and I were in Hawaii last year, we took the PEARL HARBOR CRUISE, a tour by boat along the Honolulu shoreline to Pearl Harbor, a view of famed BATTLESHIP ROW, and a visit to the Arizona Memorial, which is a visual reminder Memorial to the Missing, and even though under 45 feet of water, the Navy does consider the Arizona still in commission, lest we forget.

We attended the Christmas party of the Motor City Basha at Detroit, Michigan, on December 8. We were the guests of Mickey Dawson, wife of Past Commander John Dawson, deceased, and a most enjoyable time was spent with old friends, and the making of new ones. There were 26 CBI members and guests at the Elks Hall in Pontiac, and all enjoyed the refreshing beverages and fine food. The orchestra was great . . . and the dancing revealed that the Forties and the guys and gals of that era have not forgotten how to jitterbug. Thank you Mickey, and Motor City Basha for the wonderful hospitality.

A visit to Las Vegas with Junior Vice Commander West, Bill Godfrey, and his wife, Charlene, will be our next venture. We will be enroute to San Francisco for "Year of the Tiger" which starts January 23, with a parade scheduled for February 2, 1974. We will partake of the Chinese feast on Friday night, Saturday's parade, and then Sunday will be an afternoon party at the Moose Lodge Club with the members and guests of the General George W. Sliney Basha.

As the holiday season is in full progress, let us not lose Christmas in the wrappings, or the New Year in the celebration. Let us enjoy the gift of life, and the happiness of living it each and every day.



OPEN MARKET in Darjeeling, India, where farmers displayed and sold their produce. Photo by Leo Bialek.

Radio Operators

● Sure enjoy your magazine, and am still looking for old radio operators who worked WLXF or WLXI in Kunming, China, or Chungking. If any of them are now amateur radio operators they can catch me around 3610 MHZ in evenings or 1400 GMT. My call is K7KSA. Keep up the good work.

GEORGE A. LUNBECK,
Box 146,
Story, Wyo. 82842

China Scene

● When I see pictures of China countryside I can't help but visualize the beauty of the cherry blossoms and the sweet smell of the same. It used to be so peaceful and quiet up in those hills. As couriers between Kunming and Qweiyang, Joe Trowbridge and I used to stop many a time just to rest and breathe the fresh air. There would be no person in sight when we stopped, but by the time we had opened a package of "K" ration you could hardly walk around the jeep for all the curious bystanders just gaping at you. They must have just crawled out of holes in the mountains, it seemed at times. They were so friendly and were always laughing and "ding haoing" you no matter how cold it was nor how deep the snow

was on the ground. Their shoes were mostly rags, and many children went barefooted. What always struck me deep down was the fact that they very seldom begged and always seemed contented and took it as a matter of fact. It was so different than when I was in India where so many begged for everything.

HARRY DYCK,
1425 Leecrest,
Wichita, Kans.

402nd Signal

● Sure look forward to your publication. Would like to hear from any of the men of the 402nd Sig-

nal Company who were in India and Burma.

C. G. RICHARDSON,
Rt. 7, Pope Road,
Douglasville, Ga. 30134

Mystery of India

● Jack L. Sells from APO N.Y. wrote in the May 1951 issue of Ex-CBI Roundup about the mystery of India! He mentioned the Sikh who was able to tell him his mother's name. This may have been the same person I met on my second day in India, as I headed for Calcutta. A distinguished looking Indian approached me, "Tell your fortune, Sahib." I didn't have any rupees yet, so he agreed to tell my girl friend's name for the change I had in my pocket. As the money was held out, he quietly said "Tanny still loves you." This was my girl's nickname. Then he had me write my mother's favorite flower on a piece of paper. When we exchanged papers he told me not to open the one he had given me until I got back to camp. In the well-lit latrine I read the printed word, "Violets." Correct again!

HARRY DYCK,
Wichita, Kansas



DRIVER is protected from hot Indian sun by the pile of hay on his bullock cart. Photo by Wm. S. Johnson.

NOTICE OF INCREASE IN SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Due to increased costs of production and distribution, it has become necessary to increase subscription rates of Ex-CBI Roundup for the first time since 1965.

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